Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/calvertreview1968univ_0

MARYLAND & RARE BOOK ROOM
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND LIBRARY
COLLEGE PARK, MD.

CALVERT REVIEW

WINTER 1968-1969

Cover: *Hermes* by Dorothy E. Williams

CALVERT REVIEW WINTER 1968-1969

Editor–Edwin A. Williams III, Editorial Staff–Stephen K. White, Gary Imlay, John Morrell, Lawerence Sandler, Jean A. Herring, Jane Kephart, Robert Crowe, Dennis Cloud, Robin Corwin. Technical Advisor–Mr. Paul E. Thomas, Faculty Advisor–Dr. Leonard Lutwack. The *Calvert Review* is published twice a year at the University of Maryland. Manuscripts and correspondence should be addressed to the *Calvert Review* c/o English Department, Taliaferro Hall, University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland, 20742. Opinions expressed or implied by contributors do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor or of the publishers.

Copyright, 1969, by the
Calvert Review, University of Maryland
Copyright reverts to authors upon publication.

Cover Stock: 90 lb. Sorg's Leather Embossed
Inside Stock: Beckett Text Laid, White
Typefaces: 10 & 11 Point Press Roman (IBM Selectric)
Heads: 18 pt. Garamond Bold

Printed by Jones Composition Co., Bladensburg, Md. —

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FREE STATE FROM THE TURTLE'S BACK . . . *Charles Hornstein* 5
YOUR BEAUTY . . . *Russell McGuire* 6
KAIROS . . . *Robert S. Zalenka* 7
THE NIGHT IS BOUND . . . *Robert Rosenhaft* 8
UNTITLED . . . *Thom Bieber* 9
CRAYONS . . . *Robert Rosenhaft* 10
SOMEWHERE A CRICKET SANG . . . *Edward Ross Hearn* 11
UNTITLED . . . *Mark Richard Diamond* 16
CONSCIOUSNESS . . . *Dennis Cloud* 17
CHILDLESS . . . *D. J. Faulkner* 17
UNTITLED . . . *Thom Bieber* 18
PASTOURELLE . . . *Carolyn Banks* 19
after the wreck . . . *Edward Gold* 21
GROWING . . . *S. Marshburn* 21
"A SERVICABLE VILLAIN" . . . *Charles Hornstein* 22
IMPLICATIONS . . . *Edward Gold* 24
THE SKATER . . . *Sidney C. Morey* 29
MEMORIES . . . *Gary Imlay* 31
TREE POEM . . . *Laurie R. Eyster* 32
UNTITLED . . . *James Sullivan* 32
WHAT JOHN DID . . . *Thomas Keech* 33
BEFORE THE GRAY SNOW STICKS . . . *Charles Hornstein* 38
UNTITLED . . . *Mark I. Smith* 39
GULL . . . *Thom Bieber* 40
EASTER VACATION . . . *Jane Kephart* 41
DAVID AND BATHSHEBA . . . *Stephen Gurney* 43
JAKE, THE CLASSICS, AND A VARIETY OF RECOLLECTIONS
. . . *A. M. Stevens* 47
SHARK'S TOOTH . . . *Michael Gura* 50
TO THE GIRL IN LAFAYETTE PARK . . . *Charles Hornstein* 51
AUTUMN STILLNESS . . . *Robert G. Allen* 52

FREE STATE
From the Turtle's Back

In first shirt sleeved air
bare legged girls sat
singing wedding songs
with their smiles
A white dog barked,
ran across the new green mall,
stopped, made love
to reflections in a puddle,
barked, and ran again—
strutted away. The poet
lying face down
slept as sunlight painted pictures
of red upon his eye,
warmed gently,
massaged his flanneled back.
And inside, the sunlight in windowed stalls
gagged at what the teachers said,
"Purple spotted leopards won't eat bread."
"Have you read Smugg's book, *Contents of my Head?*"
dragged through smoke smelled stagnant chalk dust air
crawled under doors
died among butts and cups upon the floor.

—*Charles Hornstein*

Your Beauty

Your beauty is a stain on my memory
that the detergent of a thousand romances
can't remove.

Your beauty is that of Cerce
you turn men into pigs
with a single glance.

Your beauty is gristle
that men must chew
and chew
and chew
until their jaws grow tired and weak
until frustration makes them
        spit out the thought of you
until, like dogs beaten,
they run home
to the easy chewing
of the canned-dog-food-girl
next door.

Your beauty is a path
in a summertime wood
the ivy grows thick and green
about you
the bushes are bright with blossoms;
        but the path is well traveled
        explored by boys in tennis shoes
        and bare-footed men
they followed you forever
until your route was known so well
they left you . . . abandoned you
to search for newer paths.

—Russell McGuire

KAIROS

–Robert S. Zalenka

The day grew dark. Snow clouds, forming from the north, brought heaviness. The air thickened outside. Feeling the cold of the glass of the window before me, I looked across the courtyard and waited. The warmth of my breath, the warmth of the room, the warmth of my hand grew heavy inside me. I turned from the window and sat down.

I sat in the far corner, beneath the mantel bearing young Osler's bookplate. An empty pewter jar stood beside the frame, and a tarnished clock. Nearby, on a ledge, lay the clock's key and a letter. The room seemed hotter than when I first came in; the musty smell of books, old chairs and carpets, and the silence of the panelling, the stillness of the air closed in about me.

From my station in the corner of the room I could not see the clouds gather, but I could tell their movement. The darkness increased, shadows grew faint and contrasts failed. When would it snow, I wondered. It was nearly two o'clock, yet already the day seemed past twilight. The examination was scheduled for two o'clock. I became tense with the thought of time. The heat surrounded me. I fell asleep.

I was in a brightly lit classroom. Banks of harsh flourescent lights covered the ceiling, their intense whiteness broken only by dull plastic gridwork. I stood before an assembly of students; they seemed my own age. Notes were on the rostrum, books were piled in accessible array on the desk in front of me. I waited for the murmuring to cease. The room was windowless, antiseptic and chill.

The air quavered; the sound of voices rose. Faces blurred, dissolved, merging, fusing. Eyes looked out on me. Movement of deep redness. The slow movement of vapor. The floor bent downward, inward, yielding; the walls began to pulsate gently. Nausea spread over me as I struggled to focus on the abyss. The sickness flashed white and overwhelming; then, gradually, I regained control. The voices faded; one by one the faces reappeared. The walls stiffened and grew still.

A passing terror seized me: would they understand. The room was silent now.

I spoke.

Weave lesions to regard the onto [bio] logical necessity. Unencumbered, the trial of forms has distracted, precarious, but not prandial. For several forth forsworn aunts, sisters, resurrected good parents from beyond the undine, thirsty. See minor on developed causes, to regulate modality with morality: abode of the most anxious sort. Whether many over men can transpire yields to joyful clamor. Bitter notes notwithstanding, the alienist provocation lies in harmony with the lesser firms. Condense. Purge. Countermand.

I was awakened by the sharp click of an electric light switch. Three of my four examiners had entered the room and were standing near the doorway; two of them were talking softly, the third moved to the center of the room and sat down in a wooden chair,

facing me. Professor Ronaldson found a leather chair close at my left. Professor Earl sat far opposite me, on the right. The third examiner, Professor Hillis, spoke quickly.

"Mr. Jackson will be along soon. With whom shall we begin the questioning? Mr. Earl–"

Garrod edited the standard edition of Keats' poetry, I assured myself, Rollins the letters. Wordsworth died in 1850. The classical source of *Hellas* is Aeschylus' *Persae*. Blake's graphic works . . .

"I understand you are strong on Coleridge, Mr. Stuart. Is 'The Eolian Harp' a religious poem?"

Outside the darkness was complete. I could see the yellow lamps reflected in the windows. I imagined myself walking in the falling snow, walking alone over the thin crust, hearing the hissing sound of snowfall. I smelled the brittleness of the cold air, and stuck out my tongue to catch a snowflake. Deep clouds covered all. Buildings and trees were shadows in the darkness.

THE NIGHT IS BOUND

The night is bound by telephone wires.
Streetlamps glare their light through the air.
But everywhere asphalt flows, a blind river
Dark and hopelessly groping for the sea.

Having left that place . . .
Having left that place,
I pace up and down the sands of the true shore
Waiting for the moon or the evening star,
While the sound of the surf swells and ebbs
Like cars passing by on a highway.

I hate the color of the stars.

–Robert Rosenhaft

Into your wounds do not thrust me as Thomas
I wish not to fast in the proof of what you are.

As the doubting disciple
To a religion you have never refered to
But have defined the very sacraments of
In your adverbless walk,
Long have I sought the many metaphors you contain
Only to be returned as a reason filled paradox
From trust to need.

With the catalystic self a necessary burden,
Causing me to feel, but only suspect this I touch,
And what I assume is far grander
Than that which remains really there.

So into your wounds do not thrust me,
For devotion is merely to not understand,
And love; to seek, but never find sureness in.

—Thom Bieber

CRAYONS

(a fable)

the wingless Red-Spotted Yellowbird
with his triangular blue beak
has a curious evolutionary adaptation
consisting of two telephone poles
these perform a similar function to legs
enabling him to walk easily
on the clouds
and the other intestinal organs of the sky
however he is seldom observed

except by little boys
who have only four crayons
who know with out any fuss at all
that clouds are blue, sun is yellow
sky is orange, blue, and red
and there is no ground (none at all)

and so
the wingless Red-Spotted Yellowbird
with his triangular blue beak
and his curious evolutionary adaptation
goes on walking thru the clouds
untill one day he grows up

but defying gravity
(and any half ass moral to the story)
he never comes down

—Robert Rosenhaft

SOMEWHERE A CRICKET SANG

–Edward Ross Hearn

I knew something was wrong long before he reached us. Not that he was running. Ralph never hurried to my recollection–at least Pa said he never hurried. Pa would yell upstairs for him in the morning, "Ralph, ya up yet?" And Ralph would get up, and I could hear him crawling around the floor feeling in the darkness for the clothes he had dropped the night before. I knew without seeing that Pa had gone to milk. Then the porch door slammed and he would be finished and back and yelling at Ralph again. But this time Pa would be mad, and he'd yell, "Mose!" (That's what Pa called him when he was really blue-in-the-face mad with him.) "Mose, I told ya to git up!" Ralph would pick up his shoes and leave, and I'd go back to sleep.

But I could tell–that there was something wrong–because when Ralph was upset or excited, he would take sort of short stiff-legged strides. Not that they got him there any faster. But I saw that stiff-legged stride now, and I knew trouble a half-a-field away.

Ralph reached the ditch and yelled, "Pa!" and there was a pause as he jumped the ditch. "Pa, somethins been at the chickens again!" I was in the corn by the ditch bank, and Ralph didn't see me. I saw the motion of Pa's arm as he threw an ear of corn he had just shucked towards a corn heap, and it struck with a clatter and skidded across the other ears. Pa turned towards Ralph.

"Looks like it got two this time. Left its leavings this end the house." Ralph jerked his head backwards towards the chicken house, which stood on the far edge of the field he had just crossed.

"Ya set that trap like I told ya?"

"Yeh, Pa, but it didn't go near it. Got in 'nother place, I guess."

"Any tracks?"

"Didn't see none. Thar was some dog tracks. Trix was messin 'round there–guess they're hisen."

Pa had turned back to the row and was shucking again. "Finish feedin chickens?"

"Naw. I come to tell ya."

"Go finish un bring a basket of corn to the hogs."

I watched as he jumped back across the ditch and walked slowly back towards the chicken house.

The sun was above the trees and the chill and dampness in the air were gone when I saw Ralph coming back. He came this time with his usual ambling stride swinging a basket back and forth and striking out with it at weeds as he passed them. When he got closer, I could hear him humming, and then he saw me and the humming stopped. He turned and

came on in my direction until he stood across the ditch from me. But he didn't say anything. He just looked around to see where Pa was. Then, he jumped the ditch and squatted down beside me.

"Whatcha doin?"

"Nothin."

"Ya hear me tell Pa 'bout the chickens?"

I nodded and waited for him to go on, but he was staring at my pants. "Ma's gonna beat the tar outen ya."

He stood up and pulled a faded red rag from his pocket and squatted again and soaked it in the ditch. "Come here. Come on!" He grabbed me by the arm and jerked me over to him, and began scrubbing the mud off my pants, stopping now and then to wash the rag in the ditch. Then he squeezed out the rag and stuffed it back in his pocket and let me go.

"Ralph."

"Yeh."

"Whatcha think it is?"

"That got the chickens?"

I nodded.

He hunched his shoulders. "Cougar, maybe."

"Aw, Pa says ain't no cougars 'round here."

Ralph chuckled.

I sat down on the ditch bank facing Ralph. A caterpillar, a big red furry one, was caught in a clump of sage, and I watched it work its way free and come crawling towards me. I reached over and tapped it with my finger, and it squeezed into a ball with only the prickly fuzz on its back showing. I gave it a poke, and it rolled a foot or so down the bank to where Ralph squatted. He was chewing on a piece of sage, as he gazed towards the house. His eyes had an icy look.

"Ralph, whatcha think it is?"

He drew a deep breath. "Most anythin–possum, weasel–maybe a wild cat, or dog."

"Will Pa shoot it?"

The piece of sage jerked back and forth and worked over to the corner of his mouth and stayed there flopping up and down, the way I had seen Pa do it. "It's killin chickens."

There was a rustling from the corn. Ralph glanced over his shoulder towards the noise, and we listened. The rustling grew louder, and we could hear the ears clacking against the corn heaps.

"Ralph!"

"Yeh, Pa." Ralph spat the piece of sage into the ditch, and the current drifted it to the other side where it snagged against some half-submerged weeds.

"Can ya catch the hosses by yaself?"

"Yeh."

"Hitch em up and we'll git a load of corn in the shed 'fore dinner."

I glanced up at Ralph, but the sun was behind him, and all I could see was the flaring brightness and the black where he blotted it out. My eyes hurt with the glare, and when I opened them again he was well on his way across the field. I watched him reach the chicken house, climb the fence, and jump off into the chicken yard. He walked down the front of the house opening doors as he went. Behind him, the chickens–first one at a time and then an outpouring of whiteness–spilled into the pen. At the far end Ralph climbed the fence, crossed the barnyard, and disappeared into the barn.

The rustling of corn stalks and the sound of the corn being thrown had faded away. Now all was quiet, except somewhere a few feet away on the ditch bank a cricket sang,

but I couldn't see it. As if from a great distance, I heard the chickens—a sort of murmuring, indistinct sound, and occasionally the grating croak of a young rooster trying to crow. A door screeched far away on rusty rollers, and the cricket paused as if to catch its breath. I remembered the caterpillar and turned to where I had last seen it, but it was gone and not to be found.

* * *

"Charlie, cut his meat." Pa reached over and lifted my plate and set it next to his while he sliced the meat into small pieces. As he plopped the plate back down in front of me, he glanced at Ralph.

"Git a couple of blankets un take em up thar." He took a bite from a biscuit, and there was silence while he chewed. "Gonna be chilly 'fore mornin."

Ralph was sitting next to me, and I reached under the tablecloth and pulled his pant leg. He just kept eating.

Pa finished and pushed his plate away. Ralph laid his fork down slowly. "Pa, can Mike come with me?"

Pa had propped his elbow on the edge of the table with his chin cupped in his hand. His eyes narrowed at me. Maw got up and started picking up the dishes. "It'll be too cold 'fore mornin, Charlie."

"I'll see to him, Maw."

She didn't answer but went with the dishes into the wash room, and I could hear her putting them in the sink and then coming back.

Pa cleared his throat. "Well—" He glanced at Maw, but she didn't say anything. She started picking up the rest of the dishes. "I guess it'll be okay. But ya see to him now."

"Yeh, I will Pa."

Ralph scraped his chair back and went out, and I could hear him going up the stairs for the blankets. He came back down into the kitchen with them draped over his shoulder, and Pa got up and we all started out. But Maw came in with a sweater and coat and put them on me and they waited. Then we were outside, and it was dark and quiet. The frogs that had croaked for rain in the summer nights were silent, and so were the whippoorwills. There was only the crunching as we walked. The moon was up—a sliver less than half—and the stars were out. We reached the chicken house, and walking along behind it, I could feel the moist warmth from inside each time we passed a door which had been left open for air. It was like having someone blow suddenly in your face, except for an acid stench which came with it from the manure.

Pa and Ralph stopped and Pa turned and glanced back the way he had come. "This 'bout half?"

"Yeh, I guess."

Pa leaned over and interlaced his fingers and cupped his hands, and Ralph placed his foot in them. Pa boosted him onto the edge of the roof, and Ralph clambered on up. He had dropped the blankets, and Pa picked them up and threw them to him and then grasped me under the arms and lifted me up to Ralph.

"Ifen he wants to come in, ya bring him. Hear?"

"Yeh, Pa."

Pa turned and started off towards the house.

"Pa!"

Pa stopped.

"I forgot to set the trap."

"No mind. Just keep ya eyes peeled un keep down." Then he was gone.

The roof was slanted, and Ralph walked up to the front edge and spread the blankets. I followed him and got down on my knees and peered over the edge. The roof was high, but it didn't seem so in the dark. It was awfully dark, too, even with the moon. But looking down, the ground seemed almost too light. It was a shady white—like the sand when you lean over the edge of a boat and the water is clear and you can see the bottom hazily but light and seemingly moving and drifting below. And you feel that reaching down you could touch it. I glanced around to make sure Ralph was still there.

"Come on and lay down." He was already between the blankets, stretched on his belly so he could peep over the edge of the roof and watch. I backed away from the edge and crawled over to where he was and then between the blankets and burrowed up against him.

There was a huge walnut tree up in the barnyard which spread over the sheds and part of the yard, and I could hear the thump and rattle of the walnuts as they fell hitting the roofs and rolled off. I could hear them in bed at night, but I'd never heard them so loud before.

"Ralph, ya think it'll come?"

He sighed. "Hope so."

I squeezed closer, and I could feel the heat of his body through the clothes.

"Ralph."

"Yeh." He was whispering now.

"Will ya call me?"

"Hunh—?"

"Ifen it comes?"

"Yeh, sure." There was a pause. "Ya okay?"

I nodded.

I heard the honk of geese far away, but slowly it grew louder. Ralph moved, and I could feel his body tense as he raised himself slightly, and I knew he was straining to see them. The honking grew distant again and faded away and his body relaxed into watchfulness. The dew was settling—cold and damp on my face. I wriggled deeper into the blankets until my head was covered.

It must have been a walnut on the roof that wakened me—at least that's what I thought—but I knew immediately that Ralph was gone, and I flung away the blankets and sat up. There was a misty floating grayness in the air, and everything was blurred with lightness and darkness. I heard Ralph before I saw him running towards me from the far end of the roof, and I was up and waiting for him when he reached me. The flesh around his eyes was puffy and his eyes looked strange from not having slept.

"Did ya see it, Ralph?" My voice seemed hollow in the morning air.

He didn't answer but ran down the roof to the back edge and jumped off. I followed. He was waiting for me with his hands up to catch me at the edge. I jumped and he swung me on down.

"Git Pa and I'll git his gun." And he was gone—running towards the barn. I ran for Pa. He was up and already coming out into the back porch when I reached the door.

"Ralph says to git ya, Pa."

Ralph came running up with the shotgun and a handful of shells.

"Ya see it?"

"Didn't git a good look, Pa. I heared somethin in the house down the far end. Guess it heared me on the roof and run."

"See it a-tall?"

"Yeh, I seen somethin come outen one of the doors—pushed it open, guess—un run."

Pa took the gun and breached it, and Ralph handed him two of the shells. Pa shoved them in and snapped the breach closed, and Ralph handed him the rest of the shells. He dropped them in his jumper pocket.

We started back to the chicken house with Pa leading. When we reached the open door, Pa stopped and looked for tracks.

"It went thar way, Pa." Ralph motioned towards the corn field.

"Yeh."

Pa squatted beside the tracks with one knee on the ground and the gun lying across the other.

"Looks like dog tracks."

Ralph had been staring across the field, but he came over now and squatted beside Pa.

"Maybe, Trix–."

"Naw. I shut him up last night."

Pa stood up and caught sight of me. "Go on to the house un tell Maw we'll be back to breakfast."

"I wanta come, Pa."

He held the gun by the barrel now with the butt resting on the top of his shoe, and he stood looking at me for what seemed a long time–not saying anything. He had that look I had seen before when they did something to the pigs and I wanted to go with them. I could hear the pigs squealing from the house. He had that look now, and I knew I wasn't going. He swung the gun under his arm and turned towards the corn field with Ralph beside him. I waited until they had a good start and then followed them. Pa glanced back and saw me, but he didn't say anything, so I ran and caught up with them. At the ditch, the tracks didn't stop but followed along towards the woods. There they disappeared.

"Where ya think it went Pa? In the corn field?"

"Naw. He'd of scared outen thar yesterday if that's where he's hidin. He's in the woods someplace."

Pa glanced both ways down the edge of the woods. "Walk down the edge yonder and ifen ya see anythin, yell. I'll go this way." He nodded in the direction of the corn field across the ditch. "Ifen he's got a chicken, he'll stop 'fore he goes fur."

Pa turned to me. "Ya come with me–un stay behind me."

The ditch was wide here, and Pa had made a bridge so he could drive the wagon across into the corn field. We crossed. Where the field met the woods, the weeds and grass were tall and rank and still wet with the dew. Barbed dart-shaped seeds caught on our clothes, and I could feel them in my stockings pricking the flesh–but I didn't dare stop. Pa stopped, and I bumped into the back of his leg. I stood holding my breath, and then I heard it–a rustling somewhere in the corn. The noise stopped, then started again, and stopped. Pa moved on, and I heard a violent swishing in the weeds and grass as something dashed from the field to the woods. Pa just kept moving slowly down the edge of the woods.

I heard the noise from the woods before Pa stopped. Quietly he edged forward and over to the brush along the woods. He parted the bushes, and we passed in among the trees. They were pine–tall and about ready for the axe. It was always cool and dark there–except for a few slivers of light that managed to penetrate when the sun shone. The ground was covered with a fall of brown needles that deadened the footsteps. There was hardly any underbrush–only a bush scattered here or there–and Pa stood silently peering among the trees. Not seeing anything, he began to edge forward. There was a rustling rushing sound of leaves, and I grabbed Pa's pant's leg and held on. Then I saw him, and I saw the chicken under a bush. It lay there broken and half eaten with white

feathers red tinged and scattered, and guts and blood spilling from it and staining the brownness.

The cloth of Pa's pant's leg was cutting into my hand. I peeped around his leg. It was a dog, and he had run only a few feet and had stopped and was just standing there with his head drooped, watching us. Pa edged closer and I was dragged along behind. He was only four or five feet from us now. He was tall and his hair, a dull black, was coarse and matted from the wetness and dirt. The skin hung from his jaw, which sagged and was smeared with blood to which several soft white feathers clung. The skin on the body was sucked in between the ribs. I felt Pa move his arms, and I let go of his pant's leg and slipped my arm around his leg. The dog's head moved, and I saw the eyes—black and film covered—and then the head swung back in the direction of the chicken.

My voice was a whisper in the silence. "Pa, you're—."

The dog spun around as if to run and fell with his back towards us. I heard the creaking of the trunks around us and the whispering movement of the branches high overhead as the tops swayed, and I knew I had heard the roar of the blast. I smelt the powder, and I let go of Pa. He walked over to the dog. Then he came back to the bush where the chicken lay and leaned over and picked it up and flung it so that it arched high midst the trunks and fell out of sight. He leaned the gun against a trunk and came over and picked me up. I laid my head on his shoulder and the stubble of his beard scratched my neck as he moved. The odor of the powder was strong on his clothes. I felt him picking up the gun, and I heard the hollow echo of his footsteps as we crossed back over the ditch.

"Ya git him, Pa?"

I felt Pa's arm move as he handed the gun to Ralph, and he put me down and gave me a slight push towards the house. I didn't hear Pa's answer because I was running.

The whispering winds
Kissed the tender carmine blossom
As the aphids sponged
The sweet juices,
And the whithered petals
Wrinkled brown,
Leaving only the thorns.

—Mark Richard Diamond

Consciousness

Quivering bone-naked in the autumn breeze
the nameless tree knows not
when shadows fall upon it.
Dew, snow, and mid-day rain
Mingle and become one
Respite from the forest sun.
And the snow-covered moss
And the trickle of a now-frozen stream
Are never missed. But I
Transient in a strange land
Curse that which born before
Will be born after me.

—Dennis Cloud

CHILDLESS

Your stomach's soft curving curls
to my back's hard bend. Warmth of flesh.
Headlights sweep ghosts of shadows along
these walls, haunting our small room.
Listen, I tell her, it's raining now, and
hush, she says, I can feel a pulse
Pounding! Yours or mine? I want to know.
Can't tell f'sure, she says, we're so close.
We lie still, in dusk-growing-darker. Silence.
Listen, I tell her, I thought I heard some
one crying, a woman, I thought. And
hush love, she says, just the rain.

—D. J. Faulkner

A multitude of times I have been born.
Each implied as a necessary parting.
Situations tear me cesareanly from your ancient arms,
The gentle wrapping of the womb of you.
Yet the metaphor is poor,
For first, in the folds of God, then of mother
alone I owned no forethought, no dream of you.
But in your warm home
I possessed no memory, and no dream not containing you.

Separate as what should be and what is
The pains of my first breath
and of your body splitting like a bud
Resound as our selfish screams that do delay
The realization that never again
Will we be together quite the same;
(as the value of all verbs is recognized
only in a later tense.)

And in this my growth out of your company
As a living line of your poem without readers
I am fragmented, titless,
And a refugee of Wait.

—*Thom Bieber*

PASTOURELLE

–Carolyn Banks

They became friends through carelessness, pure and simple. "What shall I play?" he'd asked her.

"Oh, I don't care, anything. Brahm's Fourth." This sort of reply, he was to discover, was typical.

The jacket was the right one, but the records had been mixed. As he settled in his chair, Jimmy Smith snarled the near-obscene "I Got My Mojo Workin'." She thought it was deliberate, and he valued his image too much to confess.

One morning, months later, he went to her house, the Sunday paper under his arm, and found her sitting in the yard, playing the recorder. She played it awkwardly, but for one *villancico* which she'd practiced to perfection and could play 'straight' or twisted into a jazz version. If you'd never heard her struggling with the other pieces, you would assume she could play.

"Please don't stay long," she began, "I've simply got to get to the laundromat. I haven't been wearing underwear for days now. As a matter of fact, I wasn't wearing any at the party Friday night. Could you tell?"

Before he could answer she had gotten hold of the society section. "Oh! Things are looking up! The Vice-President and his wife held a fuck-in the other night on the White House lawn. Pictures on page seven, section three." The wind blew and berries dropped from the tree. "Looks just like the Easter Egg Roll, doesn't it? Very suspicious." She looked up at him, puzzled by the lack of response. "That reminds me," she picked up one of the berries and let it roll in her hand, "I have a picture of that Paul Rudolph building. The one at Yale." She stood, gauging her own enthusiasm, questioning his, "If you're interested."

He followed her across the yard and up the stairs, remembering the party and how she had announced with loud innocence, amid a discussion of mass and line that Rudolph's masculine architecture had made her nipples come erect when first she saw it.

"Don't let the dog out, she's in season." They tried to squeeze, one at a time, through the door, but the dog clambered past. They watched her vault the fence. She shrugged, "What can you expect with all those berries falling?"

"Look," he tried to gain her attention while she searched for the picture. There were boxes filled with sheets of paper, postcards, pages torn from magazines. She kept, uncatalogued, whatever caught her fancy. Atop one such pile the cat slept undisturbed,

an alley cat, but white, with an austere Egyptian look about it. "Look, this is important." The rustle of papers stopped and she turned.

"Can I just get the picture?"

"No. Please. What are you going to do?"

"Do?" It was as though he had lapsed, without warning, into a language she did not know.

"Yes, do. *Do*." She borrowed money wildly. Almost everyone she knew was paying off some debt of hers and it was becoming a mad, round robin affair. "You can't just drift along this way."

He would be leaving the country soon. She had managed, in her odd way, to postpone this confrontation.

"No. I can't just drift this way." She was dissolving, lapsing into an artificial quiescence which could easily be mistaken for stupidity. Often, even those who knew her well would find themselves faced with an expertly blank stare and would begin repeating, to their annoyance and to hers, the simplest of statements. She admitted that this had become a reflex and lamented that it would one day ruin her life.

"Please don't repeat after me. Say something. You always have a lot to say, too much. Say something now. My God, just once let's talk about something that doesn't become a joke. Everything ends by turning into something very stupid."

She looked at the floor, "oh," she said it softly, "I am so fucked up."

"I'm not attacking you, but you know this always happens. Always. I lose you, you stop. Or you lose me in a chain of nonsense."

Usually shrill, her voice now was carefully quiet. He remembered, not without irritation, the tone, the one in which, after an argument, she would talk to him, but looking all the while in the bedroom mirror, at herself, and always in just this voice. "I don't do it purposely. I don't stop, not really. It just seems that I have. I'm just afraid. I keep hoping that people will catch on, especially that you will. You've come as close to it as anyone ever has. That's pretty clever."

"You've done it again, just now." He moved closer, as though he could physically prevent her mental side-stepping.

"Okay, I've thought about it. Maybe someone will carry me off, like Guinevere. Or maybe I'll write something and get baskets of money. You don't know, a host of things could happen."

"Let's not talk about dreams, just once. Just this once, let's talk about the food and the rent . . . "

"You're right," she interrupted, "I'm not very talented."

"That's not the point." He wished he hadn't come. He had managed only to clutter her Sunday with practicality. All she asked of a Sunday was the time to listen to the berries fall. "Can we go outside," he asked, "or to the park?"

She didn't answer, but made her way past him and down the stairs. They drove to the park. She sat against the car door, her hand over the side, catching the wind, neither speaking. They found some swings off the road and set them in motion. She had run toward them from the car almost before it had stopped. He wanted to make peace. "Please," he said, "please don't make me feel this way. I didn't mean to get you into one of these blue moods."

She dragged her feet, slowing, watching him carefully, seriously, back and forth. "Do you suppose," she apologized, "the dog will get pregnant?"

after the wreck

in that first moment
treading water in the sea,
seeing no ground around
more firm than me,
I forgot everything.

then I remembered a stroke
from somewhere,
swam.

I found you in time,
gasping in water colder
than I came from.

—Edward Gold

Growing

Born in a water heater shed
under the white porcelain tank
by a scavenger mother
weaned on the fruit of the trash cans.
To lie on their backs in the sun
to play with a vine from above
is all they do for days.
Until they will grow to the world
beyond and beyond the vines
and quiver for the white porcelain womb
grown too small.

—S. Marshburn

"A Serviceable Villain"

A quiet room
books on sex
science
and philosophy.
two naked
on a bed
with clean
white sheets
hardly creased.
One
with open thighs
concentrates
on children.
The other
moves
but does not sweat.

It's simple.
Put aside the chemistry,
the generals in white coats
molding compounds. I'll
pickle my hair and hang it
in the lounge.

Man
and the planet earth
are the wandering Jew.
When the sun burns out
there will be no names
only matter
that perhaps exists.

Father
let me pray this day
I watched the sun rise
and saw children
dancing with the wind.
I could not cry
or hope
for their salvation.

If I were plastic
there would be no pain.
to work To sleep
eating only to rebuild
the machine.

A quiet room
books on sex
science
and philosophy.
One
alone by a window
listening
to the sounds
of morning.

—*Charles Hornstein*

IMPLICATIONS

–Edward Gold

one
a sailor sank into the sea
his screams were swallowed whole
his thrashings, dulled,
rose up to
ripples
among waves

drowning
he scraped his hands on sea-rocks
poked up bits of lichen that
to fishermen or gulls implied
his position
his depth

two

two boys went to build
from building blocks
a castle by the sea.
six blocks spaced in
rectangle-shape meant wall,
four blocks were towers,
two were knights,
from three they made the drawbridge.
they remembered one for king.
their blocks all gone,
    their castle sat implied,
    implying in its turn
    two feudal lords.

three

sir,
name that thing that
stays the same
when water cracks
into ice or
ice slips back to
water.

that stays the same
when backyard honeysuckle
becomes her face
in my mind.

name that thing that
building blocks imply,
that words make manifest
—"I call them images, built
from imagined atoms.
They prove quite touchable
in dreams."

four

a wheel of glass
sectioned into colors
turned slowly.
a white light shone
unmoving
through red, then blue, then green
then red, blue, green were
in the slow turning
then water, ice, vapor were
in the slow turning
Joan and all her voices were and
all of Buddha's lives were and
all memory and all hope were and
all at a particular time were
in the slow turning
and all as thick as light
on glass. each in its turn
as touchable as dreams,
as firm as her body seems,
as earth

each in its turn
a fragment,
one color
implying
white light
containing
all color.

five

the signs announced his
coming, the ambassador
from the sea. he entered
the walled city with a
clash of cymbals and a
breath of sea-breeze.

he stood before us, said:
you who chatter in
walled cities, cut off
from the sea's groan. you
have forgotten me and
the sea, closed within
your walls. I come
stinking of sea-weed
from the heavy ocean
a sea of
fish who weave in
silent patterns;
of green trees, sea-
leaves symmetric. our
strength is not in sound.
never in the thickness
of the sea could we speak.
only
in the weight of us
does the sea groan. gnash
its teeth.
it is our mouth
foaming on firm sand.
our words
are uniformed here,
become rock become
lichen become fish
and all in silent weaving
a drifting
a gathering of
positions. how resigned are
fish to silence, is rock.

only in patterns did
I live and I am come now
of lichens and sea-eel
come from the blood of the sea
of sea-wood, weed and rock,
shouting above that groaning
listen, man, to that cerebral heaving

and here I see you
counting words to
make a list. I see
you stop and go at
signs. I see you:
stones or solitary
sea-trees.

man, be priest for fish.
for patterns of the sea.
be priest for tons of
living water, sea-caves,
whaleways, be priest
for this wet labyrinth:
make libation for
the sea as men
in words.

six

she asked him:
  would I (when
floating free,
without my body)
brush against your
being
as gas?

he said:
  I will answer you as
I answer voices questioning
in my mind.
    in your head
are all colors, yet
here you are a
solid possibility
you are building blocks
a fragment, blue

if you without your
body floated, if
the white light shone
through all your colors,
became again white light
containing all colors,

then all possibilities
would float free

no, floating you could
not touch me, me a
human fragment in

you:
in that wide light we
would see, no longer
we

speaking together we
stand in pattern, our
words words from the
sea, filtered through
our human bodies, now
mingling in air

here you touch me,
awaking young in my mind,
speaking after long silence,
implying not your entrance
but your presence in me,
previously quiet.

–Edward Gold

THE SKATER

–Sidney C. Morey

Everybody who lived on Lake Avenue, or on any of the other streets in our end of town, knew about Pat Tobin. Still, if any of us had been asked whether Pat Tobin was an alcoholic, we would not have known how to answer. We all knew that Pat Tobin—he was never called Mr. Tobin, or Pat, or even Tobin—was a drunk; but alcoholism was a term unheard of around the lake in those days. For as long as I could remember, Pat Tobin had been not only a drunk; he had been *the* neighborhood drunk.

While I lived on Lake Avenue, Pat Tobin never worked. Not a single day. I guess I should have wondered how the three of them managed, because all the other men around the lake worked, at least sometimes—most of them at the woolen mill, and a few at the Eastern Ice Company, cutting ice on the lake in the winter or driving one of the big yellow delivery trucks. I had heard Pat Tobin had at one time worked for the railroad, and maybe the railroad gave him a pension. I don't know.

Mrs. Tobin was tall and broad-shouldered, and her hair was still black and shiny, but her face was long and thin. Her nose was long and thin too. She had one son, Joe, five or six years older than I. Even after we discovered that Pat Tobin was Joe's stepfather, we still called him Joe Tobin, but that wasn't his name at all.

Grownups used to say that Joe should be a priest. Everyone liked him. Joe had a big Irish smile when he met any of us kids. He made us feel important. When he asked about our school work, or the games we were playing, or things we were building, he listened. He was interested in what we said, not anxious, like most of the older ones, to tell us how great he was.

Joe was a good skater and a powerful swimmer, and he had played on the high school football team. The reason he never was much of a football player was because he couldn't get angry or excited during a game. He was big enough, but for him football was a game to be played for fun. The same with baseball. We had pick-up games on the lots where everybody played—the young men who worked and the boys who still went to school. Joe acted more like the younger ones. Yes, everybody liked Joe.

I never heard him swear, and I never swore when Joe was around. It was a little like being in church, not that he would have said anything, but I felt that he would have been disappointed.

I loved the lake all year, but best in winter. Everybody at school skated, and some of the older people did too, after work and on Sundays. I liked the ice at night when the moon was shining. Everything was clean and bright and new then. We all knew each other, yet flashing by in the pale, clear moonlight, everybody somehow looked different—mysterious, in a way.

There was no fancy skating on the lake. Mostly we liked to take long, sweeping turns across the frozen length of it. As winter deepened and the ice thickened, the ice cutters worked, but there was always plenty of room left to skate. It was fun to watch the ice being harvested, and Joe, like a faithful old dog, used to worry when we glided close to the edge of the solid ice, showing our contempt of the freezing water left open by the cutters.

Joe had little to say about Pat Tobin. Once, he said, his stepfather had complained of the moonshine getting so bad it cut his throat to drink it. He sort of laughed when

somebody said it ought to be cut. Joe accepted the old man's drinking as something he had to do.

All of us on Lake Avenue knew that each morning Pat Tobin, thin, in a drab, mismatched suit, would walk up the middle of the road, shuffling along. Late in the afternoon he would return, arms now clasped behind his back, his black cap pulled forward over his eyes, setting his feet with an inebriate's exaggerated care. Always alone, he occasionally veered into a tree, but on his way home the sidewalk offered greater safety than the wider roadway. The Tobin house was at the far end of the street, closest to the lake, and the daily pattern of Pat Tobin's progress was witnessed by the occupants of each of the houses along the street.

We all felt sorry for Mrs. Tobin, but if she complained of her lot, I never heard it. She had no friends. Her summer days were spent in the garden that stretched almost to the lake. The soil was black, and the vegetables lush and green. Joe helped her in the garden, and with the canning. Her husband was never sober enough to help.

We didn't see much of Mrs. Tobin during the winter, but after school on our way to the frozen lake we could hear the wind-up Victrola that was her only luxury. Joe said his stepfather had given it to her years ago, right after they were married. To me the music sounded always the same, mostly John McCormack records. I don't remember ever going past the house in the middle of a winter afternoon without hearing the music. The phonograph was her dearest possession. Still, I am sure I never heard it when Pat Tobin was home. And I never heard anybody, not even Joe, sing in that house.

If I hadn't broken my arm in a skating fall, I don't suppose I would ever have seen that Victrola. Bored with being kept home from school, I had started toward the lake a cheerless winter day to watch the ice cutters. It had been bitterly cold for a week, and Joe had said his mother was sick, so I knew why the phonograph was silent as I passed their house. Then the quiet exploded. It happened so quickly, I can't really be sure of the sequence of things. Pat Tobin stood cursing and laughing—or perhaps crying, I couldn't be sure, as the Victrola crashed and bounced crazily down the front steps, splintering the cabinet doors that flew wide, and spilling the precious records—some to shatter instantly, and others to spin for what seemed a long time in gradually flattening, lopsided circles on the icy patches in the street. I had not heard a sound from the house, not even the opening of the front door. I wanted to run, but I could not. Then all was still again. A curious fear held me as I watched Pat Tobin, coatless, shaking with the cold, staring at the debris of his wife's one treasure.

Even as I looked, I saw Joe, who should have been working, behind the old man. But it was not the Joe I knew. His face was red, and never before had I seen eyes that flashed as his did at that moment. His clenched fist was about to hit and kill Pat Tobin, and I could not stop him. I could not even call out, or run. I could only stare. Then Joe dropped one arm around his stepfather's shoulder and with the other he pulled him against his chest. I saw the convulsive shaking of the old man's thin frame as they re-entered the house.

I was back in school the day of the funeral. It was a short funeral, with only a few flowers. Joe and Pat Tobin rode together, and people said the old man acted so well because he was afraid of Joe. He had on a new suit, and he was shaved. He had little to say, but that was the way he was. Few could remember having seen him sober for such a stretch of time.

As we skated that night, we knew Pat Tobin would be drunk again, and we certainly were surprised when he came down to the lake with Joe. He was on skates that he must have worn down from the house, because nobody recalled seeing him put them on. He really skated too, and in the moonlight he looked almost graceful as he bent forward, gaining speed to coast across the edge of the thick ice, and then further an incredible distance.

MEMORIES

I remember the broken orchard wall
Behind the shed, vaguely, if at all.
Old memories must always come to this
If no-one cultivates their further use.

Still, there is much that lingers in the mind
When I consider voices in the wind,
Sudden flashes that shimmer before they leave–
(A listing of the bones dead dogs retrieve?)

More than likely, a remembered significance
Whose impetus is lost without the instance,
Whose images revive and turn the stomach
In fatal influence – as with a baby's suck.

I adore beauty, but bow to memories
Mixed in beauty: green almonds stuck in trees,
Grown fat and fuzzy; or fallen to the ground
As they split their worn and wrinkled brown.

A choir of crickets serenade the moon:
This is a memory I'll make up soon
To add imagination's full import
To what the senses say in their report.

How many birthday cakes are lost in time?
How many criminals forget their crime?
"Vague memories, nothing but memories:"
Some lessons to bear across the living seas.

–Gary Imlay

Tree Poem

you can sit for just so long in the branches of a tree
till the people going past think you're crazy
and ask you questions like, what'd you have to drink
and you answer, nothing, like they're the ones who are crazy
but then you stop answering
because you're tired of telling them why you are crying
with your arms wrapped about the tree
and how you feel when the stream of life within the tree
mocks the leaves they are treading
and denies the existence of empty cardboard things-go-better-with-coke cups peeking from between those leaves;

and you sit there a while longer
feeling yourself growing into the tree
losing the faculty of answering human questions
and the people move farther away –
they travel the same path
but you've traveled a new one.

The wind comes and blows away the leaves
you can see the coke cups and feel their meaning
and you leave the tree to go inside the human tree trunk.

–Laurie R. Eyster

Bow profoundly

into the lonely barns

of a scarecrow person,

the quiet haylofts.

Lead me into the dark places,

make me whole again.

–James Sullivan

WHAT JOHN DID

–Thomas Keech

He stood aside for a second and watched the other students. There were thousands of them on the freeway of sidewalks bordering the mall. Also, since it was a wet day, hundreds more were crowded on the four-foot-wide tar strips that crossed the wet marshy grass. The boys wore sweaters and were generally clean-cut, though the hair styles now were rather long. About half of the girls were blondes. As the minutes crept towards ten he watched the students go faster and faster.

The whole crowd evaporated into the buildings just before ten. It was amazing how punctual they were. It was amazing, he thought, because he knew that most of them weren't the least bit interested in their studies. Why did they do it, then? Ah, but he knew. John Freeman knew about these people because he had once been one of them, because he came from a family of them. He could recognize the things that made them go.

John had been an ordinary person, a regular guy, when he first came to the university, and he had even joined a fraternity, so he knew what the attraction was. Basically, it was tribal. Boys left their families but they were not ready to take on the university at large so they banded together in adolescent groups and called each other "brother." The girls had tribal rituals in which they passed around a lighted candle at night in the dark meeting room. It was all exciting and different, and it was supposed to be wild.

John joined the fraternity because his friends told him it was wild. He kept waiting for the wild girls to show up, and when all he met at the frat mixers were silly and virginal freshmen he complained to his brothers. Don't worry, they said, everyone's date sleeps with him at the spring weekend at Ocean City. He agreed to stay on a while longer, and they got him a blind date for the affair who was guaranteed to do the trick. She french kissed him at the beach party and he thought it was a good sign. When she went up with him to his room and lay on his bed he thought that she meant it, but as soon as he put his hand up her skirt she hit him on the side of the head with a beer bottle and ran out of the room, and he lay there dizzily contemplating the tiny holes in the acoustic tile of the ceiling before he passed out. When he awoke he drove back to school and never showed up at the fraternity again.

Wildness, that was the first of the three stages of the American Way. As he turned and sauntered towards his class he reviewed as in a textbook his thoughts on this life. First, there was the wild stage. Young people lived in their own places and drank beer together and somehow it was supposed to be wild. It actually wasn't at all wild and was in

fact rather tame, but no one really minded that. They were all working to get a degree and they would get a good job and raise a family.

Staking out a life for themselves was an exciting adventure. At least it had been for their parents. John remembered his own father and mother, how they worked their way from the poor streets of the city to an old, established neighborhood where there was a house big enough for the whole family. And he remembered the painting and the wall-papering and the floor sanding done in the moments stolen from the hated job. He remembered his father's epic vision of the struggle and how he said things would one day be better and how they could have their friends in when they finished the club cellar. He remembered it all and he saw all these people doing it over again but he knew they would have a more difficult time convincing themselves that it was a struggle. It just wasn't hard any more.

The second stage was called True Love. It was the time when people who were going to become internationally famous lawyers or at least rich, hedonistic playboys met someone who changed their ideas and gave them a fresh view of life. The girl, for instance, would like Chevys while the boy had been a Ford man all his life. (You really are getting a little too sarcastic, he said to himself.) Actually, the girl would know how to run a home and what was needed and the boy would put up with these ideas because he had no ideas of his own on the subject and because he loved her. And she would have to learn that life was not quite as silly as she had always thought. Much laughter would ensue among his friends about the way Billy had changed, and Sally Anne's mother would cluck knowingly at her daughter's new problems. But there would be no serious problems because everyone had seen True Love acted out in their own homes and they all knew the script.

Billy would get some kind of a job but it didn't matter much what job since he rushed right home after it was over to be with Sally Anne. They would live at first in an apartment but then their domestic instincts would rise and they would buy some kind of home and Sally Anne would decorate and Billy would do carpentry and painting in his spare time. Billy's job was not very significant but everybody knew that you had to do some things in this life that you didn't like. John could hear his father, saying that it was only eight hours a day and then you could be with your family. This stage lasted from five to ten years.

The third stage . . . but the sidewalks were empty now and it was almost time for class. John hurried up the steps and into the classroom just in time. The teacher hadn't begun to speak yet, and John took one of the empty seats in the front of the room. Everyone noticed his wierd, unkempt appearance, but no one stared or made derisive remarks. That was one thing: even though they hated you, they were somewhat afraid. The radicals were usually much more well informed than the other students, and few tried to debate them.

This was Public Administration, a required course. The teacher was a thin, good-looking man in his forties who just slowly, slowly went over chapter after chapter. Most of the students just sat and drew pictures and listened for remarks about the test coming up. The teacher reminded John of the third stage, and he sat there thinking about it.

The third stage was called Responsibility. It took over when True Love faded out and it lasted the rest of your life. He knew that if he asked his teacher if he liked what he was doing he would get the same answer he got from the people he worked with at Social Security last summer: "It's a job." This answer told a lot more about the speaker than

one would expect at first. It showed that he was in the third stage of the Way. As John heard his teacher drearily reading over the principles of public administration he thought he could see him after class was over. He could see him getting into his car and driving to Royal Oak or Euphoria Estates or another of the comfortable suburbs. He could see the fifteen-year mortgage and the kids who wanted to go to college themselves, and he could appreciate the timbre of a man who would do this to fulfill his obligations. How did he get into these obligations? For the answer to that, John mused, see Stages One and Two.

John saw how it all got boring after a period of years. Unfortunately, after the walls were painted and the lawn mowed and the floors sanded, there was nothing else to do or even think about. The hot passion of love wears off and the home is in fine shape, but a congenital defect of everyone born before 1940 keeps them buying new rugs, looking at better furniture, simply because nothing else is allowed. You can't think about other people because you made it on your own and that is holy. You can't think about the poor because that would wreck the system that made you so . . . successful. You can't think about the war—it's no time for thinking when the Commies are taking everything.

But you worry. John could remember the nervous little monologue when his father used to pick him up after debating practice in high school. Even then John realized that there was no reason to worry. True, there had been times when they had really had to scrape, times when a flat tire was a major financial catastrophe, but even in high school John realized that there was nothing to worry about anymore. But you had learned to worry from the time you were thirteen and now you had to invent new things to worry about.

You built a club basement because when that was done you could have all your friends in and everything would be all right. John used to help his father and he could see his desperation because this was the last thing. After it was finished there would be no more excuse for not being happy. His father seemed to feel this and he began to resent everyone. He spent his life working for his family and they seemed to be neither grateful nor interested in the project. He felt like an outsider because one day he realized that his family had long ago ceased to worry and for some time now he had been alone in his struggle. Perhaps the True Love stage lasted longer in him than it did in his mother . . . John didn't know.

During his last year of high school he helped his father almost every night with the club basement. He felt as if he had to help him because his father would accept neither encouragement nor help from anyone else. As they had no particular skill, the work went very slowly, and they worked until midnight every night, his father laboring with the fanaticism born of desperation. It was only through John's insistence that they stopped every night when they did. Finally, after about six months they were almost finished, with only a small wall to be done, six more pieces of pine paneling to be put in.

John winced when he thought of the rest. His father had been almost cheerful as he drove him to the hardware store to get the last box of nails. Then right in the middle of the bridge at the interchange they had had a flat tire. John jumped right out and opened the trunk, expecting his father to pitch in and take charge as he usually did, but his father just stood there on the sidewalk, looking at the scene with a face of sad meditation. John didn't say anything and proceeded to change the tire himself, popping off the hubcap, taking off the old tire, putting on the spare with the lugs hand-tight. When he finished tightening up the lugs he turned around to say something but his father was gone. A desperate hope made him search the front and back seat of his car before he leaned over

the bridge rail, but his father had died somewhere between the third and fourth lug nuts.

John wished he could have known then what he knew now. There were so many wars to be stopped, so many starving people to be fed, so many innocents in jail that there would always be work to do. Thinking about the war made him think of his teacher again. He wondered why he never said anything about it. Whenever anyone asked him about the war he said he was not going to discuss it in class. In class they were supposed to discuss public administration. Never mind that it was worthless. Never mind that we are killing innocent people in a useless cause and our government is lying to us. He was being paid to teach public administration and that was what he was going to do.

John knew that this was another aspect of Responsibility. You worked very hard at what they told you to do. You worked for good within the bounds they set for you. You didn't cause trouble because you weren't as smart as the people who set things up. You weren't as smart because when you were in college it was all Wildness and True Love. You wanted your paycheck for your family so you weren't meddlesome. Besides, you just really didn't like those people who were causing trouble. They were just malcontents, or students who hadn't learned about Responsibility yet.

John even knew how you learned about Responsibility. He had seen it when Sam and Marge were getting married. They were originally going to use just old furniture donated from friends because they had no money at all, but the last time John had seen them it was a different story. They were raving about this beautiful maple bedroom set they had bought.

"I thought you couldn't afford it?"

"We can't."

Laughter.

"We'll probably be paying for it for the next five years."

Sam's pay for the next few years was already planned for, used up, and when his salary rose they would do the living room, then the kitchen. The list of things to buy, from furniture to cars and newer houses and electric knives, was endless, and John could see right then that their acquisitions would always stay one step ahead of their income. Thus, no matter how much money Sam eventually made, they would always think that they were just barely surviving. Sam would be able to drive to work from their modern house in his late model car and still be able to excuse the uselessness of his job by imagining his babies starving. He would fight against any tax increase with the cry that he was tortured already and he just couldn't afford any more, and this would be true in a sense, since he and Marge had never learned how to do anything but spend money and there was always something else to buy.

When you grew terribly bored, you called it Responsibility. Responsibility meant the acquisition of a constantly growing debt for goods for you and your family and the keeping of a well-paying job to discharge the payments on this debt. Responsibility meant that you could never change jobs for one that payed less, and you could never be without a job. It put you on a higher moral level than those who enjoyed life, because you were sacrificing for others. Responsibility had great moral value—even John could see that. It took people who for the first thirty-five years of their lives had been self-centered hedonists and turned them into pillars of morality.

Bright streams of liquid gold spread out from the moon and across the dark of the sky. He lay with his head in her lap looking up, and when her hair touched the moon's

edge the luminiscent droplets caught on some of the long brown strands and rolled slowly down. He kissed her and she lay back on the grass herself. Some of the drops flowed onto the grass where they continued to glow molten and bright like lightning bugs batted down into the grassroots.

All the plans were set for the march on the Pentagon the next day. They were meeting behind the Student Union to board their bus. They issued helmets and gas masks to all the members and anyone else who wanted them. Carol looked absolutely ridiculous in a gas mask. She wasn't really going to be in on the rough stuff, though. This time they were going to be ready for the cops.

Later, he and Carol and Mike and Denny put the finishing touches on their equipment in the apartment. Mike and Denny were his apartment-mates. There was also a guy from the West Coast staying with them who had been in the Oakland disturbances. He had been talking about the press coverage of the demonstration. There the police made the mistake of beating up several reporters from the San Francisco *Examiner*, and the coverage was fair for the first time in history. The D.C. police, he said, were not that stupid, and the reaction of the press to the march was entirely predictable. First, if there was no violence, the commentators would say that the peace movement was losing momemtum, growing tame, and fading out. If violence occurred, the conclusion would be that the movement was being taken over by the extreme radicals and that it had lost much of its middle-class support. The only real way to tell the effect of the march, he laughed, was to read the foreign newspapers. Like the *Washington Free Press*, John mused.

The guy from the West Coast, Richard, had been against him freaking out so soon before an important demonstration, but John knew quite well his time limit, and Carol was agreeable. Fifteen minutes after he took the little pill he began to be aware of the differing thicknesses of paint on their signs and posters, and he and Carol walked down to the park in the darkness. All the time he watched her he saw her as in a movie.

The brilliant sunlight woke them up early the next morning. They lay in bed for a while lazily. The slats of the open Venetian blinds reflected the brightness. The sunlight curved into tiny iridiscent rainbows around the threads of the white cord. John got up with zest, ready to throw his body into the cogs of the war machine.

Before the Gray Snow Sticks

I

"THOU SHALT NOT"

(you must, you will)
(you must, you will)

Still, the ripplings from a pebble cast upon a frozen pond.
And the men and women
rake like autumn's palsied fingers
drifting listless down the street.

II

The smell of death flesh, the taste of bananas
two rotting for a quarter in a two bit town.
And this urine fog flogging the eyes
blurs and burns the drunkard
in the alley cries:
"My name's Jimmy, take everything ya gimme
but I ain't going through that door.
Oh Lord Lord . . . ."
And sips his dinner from a trash can lid.

Tinkling of ice, the smell of cigarettes
stale the taste of flat beer
headless confetti tears upon the floor
soggy crepe sagging red down and down.
Her glass stemmed hand reaches,
a flesh filled drink and rolls her eyes he
kisses her lips, molds her plastic face
a grin, unhinges his jaw
and laughs.

Perfume old shrimp
breathing mucus breath lifts rag dress
black satin above smooth skin
blue worms wiggling white fat
rings of gold sweated grime T shirt hairy chest
removes his jacket removes his vest
grunts he groans
diamond needle cactus prick

glass lens glazed eye film
micky mouse minny mouse
you must you will in all ones house

The yellow lion lying in the street
placed a thorn in his paw
ate two slices of banana bread
limped proudly into the dead man's head
played a game of human pool and said
in his manely manly voice,
"I've got no choice. I've got no choice."

—Charles Hornstein

The sign read: Speed Checked by Radar.
It was a damned lie. Nothing checked
inertia, nothing shock of they who laid her
stumbling for tears beside the car she wrecked.
Jayne Mansfield Dies Decapitated,
the headline read at breakfast over toast
and coffee, and a smear of butter faded
like time her picture on the front page of the Post.

"She was getting old and lost her head!"
Hollywood quipped, and chose among its Jaynes.
It was a rather clever thing to say,
even if you were sorry she was dead—
and then a joke is more than there remains
of many who were lovely yesterday.

—Mark I. Smith

GULL

Meekly suspended in a cobwebbed corner of the sky
The seagull knows not if he earns eyes
Nor could care.

But we are aware of
The soot-stained guardian of harbors
Who receives without resistance the gaze
Of could-be artists. The seabird lives his poem;
Unknowingly inviting imitation
To perform quietly before God's unthanking eye.

Would we shout to the bird
That we have read its poem? It could but wheel
Casting off bits of broken light like glass dust
And scream, much as the sound of coinage
Tinking in the tin cup of a beggar.

—Thom Bieber

EASTER VACATION

--Jane Kephart

It had rained the night away and into the dawning but the first knowledge she had of morning was the grey square of the window, focused vaguely by eyes made dim with staring into darkness; and the grey, she saw at last, was too light to be night sky. She wondered if she had slept at all, surely not more than an hour in the whole night, and missing this sleep she had missed the dulling, softening of her thoughts. This night had brought no sleep and her mind held suspended the thinking of the day before and the time between midnight and this first grey shadow.

She rose and dressed in the unfamiliar chill and opened the door into the hall. The other doors were closed and the living room was cluttered with artifacts left from the party of the evening before. Night had ended sometime after this party for the people were gone and behind all the living room windows were patches of grey. She couldn't tell who might still be in the house, asleep in the closed rooms, so she wandered about the house very quietly. She went softly into the kitchen. The little house, set between two taller houses, had no view from any window and the sea could only be heard this far from the beach early in the morning. In this early silence she listened to the ocean come and go along the shore while she tried to spread hard butter on the sour french bread she had bought when she got off the plane. The bread had been sitting in the wrapper for two days and was getting stale. The room was cold; her fingers had the clumsy feeling of newly awakened flesh and she finally put the unbuttered bread into her coat pocket and left the house.

Even from the street she could not see the sea. The houses did not cease until almost the high tide mark and they hid the water. The narrow street, slimy with fog, led down to the sea steps and out onto the sand. Listening to the surf she walked carefully down the steep wet street and looked at each little house. All the houses were too old to be fashionable summer houses so the locals lived in them and annually scraped the blue-green fog fungus from their walls. No grass grew in the tiny front gardens for there was no soil to hold it. Some people had put redwood chips on their yards and under the chips was sand. Marigolds bloomed in pots on the porches of some of the houses and a bottlebrush tree had taken root in a triangle of imported earth on the corner.

The block down to the strand was deserted; it was about half an hour after dawn and no one in the beach town got up so early on a Sunday morning. She was not cold now, only stiff and unaccustomed to the sea wind. The steps to the sand were slippery and

covered with the smooth, greasy water emptying out of drains. The beach town emptied its drainage onto the sand, into the sea and this rainy morning the water flowed off the sloping streets, into pipes, onto the sand like silver bilge. She walked up the beach a few yards to look at the pipes and then started for the water's edge. Small, gull-like birds darted in and out of the surf, finding food, finding crabs, perhaps. Far down the beach a young boy in a red bathing suit was fighting the surf to get out beyond the line of breakers. Holding his surf board above his head he was treading cautiously over the moving bottom of the shallow water.

Her coat felt heavy and damp on her shoulders. She stood looking out into the shifting fog. It was too thick to see beyond the end of the piers, so opaque she could make out nothing more than the outlines of a fuel ship moving acutely to the shore. She looked at the ship moving in for a long time. Far out beyond the safe water markers a ship cried to the light house but the light was out and the night crew had gone home. Down the beach a group of men in pea coats began to unload the oil ship which had inched nearer and nearer the shore and was finally resting just beyond the end of the longest pier. She turned and watched the tiny, perfect men working, small as toys, distant as dreams, unloading the rocking, anchored ship.

She began to walk down the beach toward them but stopped when she came to an off-limits sign. She started in the other direction, taking off her shoes and wading for about a mile in the surf, getting wet to the knees. She was waking now and considered the dawning as one who is never up to see it; it seemed more magical than it could have seemed to the men in the pea coats. Dawn was progressing, in a quite different way, in the desert city where David's wife would be waking now to the cries of her children. There would be no sea birds and no fog behind the windows of the house where David's children woke. At one point the beach made a sharp jagged jutting out into the sea and the water came up on either side of her but she did not get wet. The long grey line of surf as far down the beach in either direction as she could see had become lighter as the day progressed.

She stopped finally and walked out of the sea a few yards, not out of the band of the hard wet sand, just out of the sea. She knelt and began to write with her first finger. She wrote the word once and stood up and looked at it. She wrote it again. Frightened now, she spun around to survey the houses on the strand. They looked back at her impassively, their windows dull and she returned to her writing. With her fingers, with a bobby pin she found in her pocket, with a stick of drift wood she wrote, over and over as if the words were screams to the sea and the houses. She wrote in upright, formal doric letters, in curvilinear, flourished letters, in slanted handwriting; she wrote the word once and again and again, letting the sea come up each time and wash the meaning away, crumple and smooth the lined sand. She wrote as rapidly as the sea moved in and went out and each time the sea carried her message with it. Now the morning had come fully with light and sounds. A few people waked and came out of their houses but no one ventured down to the beach yet.

She looked cautiously again at the houses, then turned and once more wrote the name on the wet sand and began to climb back to the strand. The sea rolled up to the word, last of its kind, and looked at it without interest, leveled and filled the depressions the letters, etched deeply into the wet tablet, had made; and rapidly, silently, as if it had never been written, it was gone. The rise of sand just beyond the water's edge hid her retreat from the sea. Before she had gotten half way to the strand the huge letters had slipped into the sea and were gone. Lifting her feet in their wet shoes and setting them down on the plastic surface of the sand she remembered the french bread. She felt for it and put a piece of the crust in her mouth; and whispered, softly, so softly the sea birds did not hear, "David, David," and swallowed it.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

–Stephen Gurney

The highlands of Galilee glowed softly,
The Jordanean banks where terminate
The fertile fields of sycamore, palm and fig
Warmly waved their various leaves above
The weaving waters below, and the stars
Voyaged westerly through the setting sky.
A shepard sat, who could have been the David
That once, as he, rivalled the springs with sounds
From the knee-balanced harp or eyed the grazing
Herds. But know, King David in his regal home,
Long worn with endless cogitation on
The Syrian hords, sat fixed in vacant stare
And broke the bread which ended his long fast.

Along the barren Negev, Joab's armies
Pitched their tents–some gathered in circles, others
Warmed themselves by the brushwood fires, and some,
Leaning upon their spears, gazed into the
Terrible infinite. For those wounded
The stars seemed frozen in hard points of pain,
But others surmounted in their souls that
Awful stillness and knew such joy that shall
Be unrecorded here–for although brief
Their momentary elation, they thought
Heaven could be but a repetition
Of such moments endlessly extended,
And nothing more–but this they did not think,
Or rather say they did not formulate,
But merely felt within their hearts, and knew,
Perhaps for the first time, the meaning of
Those songs which David in his youth had sung.

But David, framer of those mighty songs,
Sat in silence, safely sequestered from
The Syrian spears or the worse terrors of
Contemplating the implacable stars.
Far from his eyes and ears, but very close
To his imagination, lay Uriah, the Hittite,
Husband of Bathsheba and faithfuller
Defender of Jerusalem. The birds
Picked at the meaningless fragments of his
Skull and the desert heat indifferently dried
The desiccated body. David's son
That grew to fullness in Bathsheba's womb
Repaid his father's sin, and having died,
Ended the fast which sought to save his life
And find appeasement in the eyes of God.

On Negev's plain a horse had flicked an ear,
On the highlands, the muscular coat of
The officious sheep-dog involuntarily
Rippled, upon the palace ground a single
Cricket chirped. Bathsheba stirred uneasily
In her sleep and waking, saw David's fingers
Feebly caress the fluted chalice of wine
And his wetted tongue pass across his lips;
Rubbing the liquid sparkles from his moustache
He turned upon his chair, placing one arm
Upon its guilded top and began to speak:

David.

Though here we sit in self-denial
Why is it I recall
Before our love brought on this trial
Days, when reclining Saul
And all those soft-cheeked women showed their praise
To hear my shepard's lays.

Oh how my calloused fingers hardened
Plucking that practised air,
Dreaming that one day they might soften
Upon a cheek as fair;
Yet now I find, a king as once was Saul,
Soft fingers bring a calloused soul.

Bathsheba.

So here you sit and castigate
Yourself, night after night
Since first our child was stricken and
You fasted in God's sight –
Chill nights, when not the warmth of your moist mouth
Could end my spirit's drouth.

For in each kiss were your salt tears
To set my conscience loose,
And my soul seemed an upturned rock
Where evil things diffuse
To squirm many-footed through that night
My guilt had brought to light.

David.

So then, these mighty palace walls
Cannot even protect
Your soul from sensing he whose guts
The roaming beasts dissect:
A man who spurned the fruits your body yields
While Joab camped the fields.

Though we have sighed through each delight
That love conceives of sharing,
For all our guilt that love somehow
Is even now preparing
A consummation for each human loss
Which served to bring us close.

Bathsheba.

A consummation? – when you first
Entered Jerusalem
I felt a warmth within my womb
And knew from you must come
A man whose steps your triumph would prefigure,
Who shall this world transfigure.

And yet I inwardly rebelled
When first I met your eyes
And thought perhaps the world would fade
In our crescending sighs;
To leave us languish in each other's arms
Secure from life's alarms.

David.

Yet life remains, and we are here . . .
Your dreams we must postpone
Till once again my chosen grief
The harp-string shall intone
And vindicate our love, that none of men
Shall know its like, again.

I implicate the past and future
On each vibrating string
And all who ever crossed our paths
And he your womb shall bring
To serve through intercession of our fate
All mankind to expiate.

Thus ended David, pushing back his chair
To stand before Bathsheba's hopeful gaze:
She, half-anticipating his embrace
Slowly advanced and yielded her complaint
Body to his artful arms. He directed
Their steps, for Bathsheba resting on his breast
Gave him her will, to the palace gardens.
The chill night air tensed against their warm bodies
While the still aspect of the turning skies
Moved coldly in the moon-illumined pools.

David well knew the two-fold nature of
The psalm and harp, where suppliance and praise
Became articulate – for measured words
And pleasing sounds can veil our hearts as well
As give them voice – but in this very risk
Lay his redemption and man's expurgation.
Perhaps for one brief instant, his soul doubted
The God he had invoked, for such great fear
There was to walk thus with Bathsheba by
These moon-illumined pools, where no sound stirred
Save their own occasioned breathing. Such stillness

On their part made the crickets seem to rage,
And what uncontrollable images
Volubly intruded on David's heart:

He saw his friend, Jonathan, who received
The grandest eulogy King ever uttered;
And then his boyhood and his dog companion
Whose muscular coat involuntarily
Rippled as he nestled by his master's side;
He saw himself in soldier's garb when Saul
Had forced his flight and the comfortless night
Brought stars that froze into hard points of pain;
Then nights of joy when the spontaneous psalm
Seemed to perpetuate the illusion
Heaven was near at hand – but, one image more
Would not leave his sight, – that of Uriah.

He felt the disparateness of his longings
With the sacrificial life that had been his,
And stood abashed, knowing the pain he'd given
And received, softly spoke to earth of Heaven.
He searched Bathsheba's face to see if a
Corresponding emotion could be traced,
And when he saw, he drew her closer still.
Thus in that one embrace he and Bathsheba
Concentrated both the past and future,
Both their individual sins, and by
Intercession, the sins of all mankind.
A moment where they did not live in time,
But it in them – an intersection of
Eternity whereby the past and future
Were annulled – so that, in this one embrace,
They in their hearts all living hearts combined:
And when the Lord saw this he thought it good.

That night David offered a psalm to God,
And gave it to his chief musician the
Next day – so that he might find fitting strains
To accompany the words before the people.
This psalm was particularly difficult
To phrase, and all the while David chastened
His soul to keep out all unneccesary
Artifice. But so small seemed his oblation,
So frail his words, that they afforded little
Comfort and brought him back to his own guilt.
But after he had done, and lay his head
Next to Bathsheba's own, he heard God say:
"When mankind blisters to a spouting head
Your songs shall be the salve to heal his sores."

JAKE, THE CLASSICS, AND A VARIETY OF RECOLLECTIONS

–A. M. Stevens

Jake was crazy. There was no use denying it, because I lived with him for a year, and at the end of that time I was mildly insane myself. But his was a pleasant sort of craziness, and I am the better for having been infected with even a small part of it. His habits of thought and action, of dress and speech, his enthusiams and prejudices, his unconcern for the conventional–these and myriad vagaries of character which defy cataloging or definition, now are somehow clear to me as part of myself. They have been subconsciously refracted and collected as a prism divides light, into more or less recognizable strata of behavior. It is not strange, therefore, that I am writing of this part owner of my mind, and my dear friend.

Johan Jacob Waldmar first thrust himself into my consciousness when he arrived late for our second Latin class with Professor Burton, who, I must note impressed me as being Cicero grown very old and mellow. In my freshman year my consciousness was decidedly limited by what is still an unimpressionable nature, and it took some doing to arrest the process of, not a bored or blasé, but rather preoccupied mind. Latin 5 met in a peculiarly shaped room on the second floor of Dartmouth Hall. It was about 45 by 15 feet and contained three rows of benches running the long way, a desk jammed in front of them as a sort of afterthought, and a set of maps on a stand which gave the professor a great deal of trouble. When it was to be used, either Gaul lost itself between the Roman Empire under Augustus and the route of Alexander's marches, or the entire device collapsed on the floor. I believe that Professor Burton hated it.

At any rate, I had arrived eârly, for I was new and timid, and took a seat in the front row. Dr. Burton entered while I was turned around conferring with some classmates about the difficulty of the course. He fussed with his books for a moment after seating himself behind the desk, then cleared his throat as a sort of signal that he was ready to begin. I wheeled around as he glanced up at the class, and to our mutual surprise, alarm, then concern, we discovered that our faces were separated by a bare eight inches. "Dear, dear," quavered Dr. Burton, "this won't do." I was about to apologize when the door flew open and Jake, followed by a largish, sheep-dog faced youth, airily tripped in.

He stood about 5 feet 9 inches, weighed perhaps 150 pounds, and peered. My stereotype of Jake has him as hatless, wearing a faded flannel or cotton shirt of a faintly bluish color, glasses, non-descript pants, well worn shoes, a wristwatch showing the wrong time ("Who cares what time it is?"), and a general expression of vague interest; and so he

was that day. He and his chum (for this scholar was of the chum type) found seats in the rear row and at once began a muttered conversation. I crept out of my conspicuous position, that the class might not seem tête-à-tête between Dr. Burton and myself, and as I retreated to the back of the room, which was generally called "The clothes closet" by Classics majors, Jake innocently looked up and asked "Going somewhere?" Thereupon, at his insistence, Chum obstructed my passage. After considerable maneuvering and jockeying on my part, I was still unable to get past Chum's legs.

"Please, find a seat Mr.-ah-Evans," said the Professor, mentally noting my feeblemindedness, I am sure. I drew back, lowered my head slightly, and charged ahead *praecipitis,* reckless of what damage might be done. But Jake and Chum withdrew their opposition at this crucial moment, and I whizzed past them into the lap of a befuddled student who spent all of his time taking copious notes on yellow paper, and later distinguished himself as one of the top men in the class, and for the peculiar way he jumped and squeaked "Hello" whenever anyone spoke to him. I turned a withering glance upon Jake. He was regarding me with the look that biologists reserve for embryonic axolotals. This convinced me; he was a soulless scroundrel of the most permanent dye.

The rest of the year in Latin 5 was nearly intolerable. I was the poorest of poor, and Jake was nothing short of perfection. How I hated his effortless translations, apparently done *ad libitum;* how I writhed when he snickered at my inability to grasp even the bare essentials of the conditional sentence—I say nothing of my failure to recall the pluperfect passive subjunctive of *perdo* at a second's notice. I doubt whether I could have found it in Burton's Latin Grammar. Therefore I was much relieved when I passed the course and left school, determined to be done with J. J. Waldmar and Latin forever.

How was it then that I roomed with this self styled "παῖς φμδέος" during my junior year? Perhaps the Force that drives the Innocent through Greek irregular verbs, a hardening, annealing process, also compells the Finished Products to seek consolation, one with another. It cannot be denied that there is a fraternity of those who could at one time conjugate παύω to the last imperative form, a brotherhood of the soul whose bonds are stronger than those of any college or professional Fraternity. —μι verbs magnetize their masters.

And so, perhaps it was then, that Jake and I hit it off from the first day; he spurred me to a semblence of mental effort with his frequent "How could you be so dumb, Burley?", and I believe I may have helped him to turn from the narrow way of the meeching scholar through my irreverance for the exclusively intellectual, and my contempt for the intellectual snob. Our partnership prospered, and we were of great and continuous good cheer.

My unvarying routine permitted me to sleep no later than 6:45 in the morning, at which time I emerged from a sea of blankets and comforters into a room just slightly warmer than Spitzbergen on a cold day. Jake always slept with all the windows wide open and spurned any cover but a threadbare cotton spread. Whenever I complained (which was often), he said I was weak and had mashed potatoes in my veins instead of blood. I will not deny a certain fondness for mashed potatoes, and usually contrive a generous amount whenever they are available; but they had not yet penetrated my brain, and I was still able to reason that a man who went around in shirtsleeves during a snowstorm was not quite normal. Perhaps Jake's extra hours asleep allowed him to generate and store a few thermal units for such occasions, because he was indeed fond of sleeping. "Next to eating, sleeping comes with me," he once remarked, lapsing into a strange word order which produced such quaintnesses as "Go the door out," "up the window," and "There are three reasons to do it; A, Thing number one; B, Thing number two; and C, Thing number three." I had before considered eating and sleeping ordinary animal functions,

mundane and of no special significance, but I was converted; bed is now a rare treat, no matter how often I seek its comforts; eating is no longer hastily accomplished and lightly dismissed, but is one of life's more exciting experiences, albeit a frequent exercise with me.

During the morning's classes I was bound to find Jake somewhere at ease with one of the demigods who operated the Classics Department (and did it largely to their own amusement and satisfaction). "Come in, Evans," Nemiah would say, seeing me sidling up to his office for my Plato class, "Don't be timid, I have nothing but deep sympathy for your translations." After he and Jake had smiled knowingly at each other and then tolerantly at me, Jake might ask, "And how is my poor dumb roommate coming along in the 'Απολογία?"

"He stinks," was the unvarying reply. But Jake was of invaluable help to me in my losing battle with Greek, both as a tutor, for he knew the mechanisms of grammar and syntax completely and was a born pedagogue, patient and enthusiastic, and as an inspiration, for I never ceased to strive for his facility with language.

Lunch and dinner were generally rowdy, comical affairs with sundry other odd and quaint characters participating in their humors. We dined at a reserved table in the Colonial Room of Thayer Hall, a table much too close to the door to suit the harassed management, particularly when McGaughey felt it necessary to prove that he could toss peas behind his back and catch them in his mouth over his left shoulder, a feat never failing to bring appreciative murmurs from the distinguished visitors, who were always lurking about the entrance on such occasions, waiting for a table. We consumed vast quantities of bread, butter, water, and whatever else was free for the shouting. Jake specialized in green salads, (garbage salads, we called them) and once ate that of everyone present, plus three more, making a total of eight. Small wonder that the following morning the college daily referred to him as "Rabbit." The backs of all available menus were unfailingly filled with Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, Chinese, and perhaps Old Church Gothic or Middle Slavonic, for there was never a meal when some unfortunate of the Social Science Persuasion did not need convincing of his mental, spiritual, and political deficiencies. Similarly, we might listen to how the Hindus devised a press for printing a prayer on the surfaces of rivers and streams, what happened to the Homeric digamna, or the significance of the gnostic palindrome Madam, I'm Adam. Jake's earnestness and information were an irresistable combination.

Back at our rooms after supper and a very brief period of study at the library, we were apt to listen to recordings of Gilbert and Sullivan (with cider), or Strauss and Austrian folk music (with beer), or Gypsie melodies brought down by a red-bearded menace from upstairs (with vodka). Sometimes these informal gatherings became quite large and various citizens were impelled to demonstrate peasant dances and Indian rassling. At times I played the sweet potato, accompanying Goldman's band in "The Jolly Coppersmith." But whatever the evenings diversions, we retired to an unfailing routine: I would announce "Bedtime for leetle Johan;" Jake would make a show of examining his watch, never within a half hour of the correct time, and then rush out of the front room with "God, Burley, BED!" The last one to retire for the night turned out the light, and we dozed off saying "The trouble with you Burley is that you don't know anything."

"The trouble with you Jake, is that you don't eat enough mashed potatoes."

In Herodotus occurs the story of a young man, Hippocleides, who attended an important banquet of state in Syracuse. Midway through the meal, he astonished all present when he suddenly "laughed, danced on the table, and stood on his head." Later his elders reproached him for irreverent conduct and asked if he knew the magnitude of his transgressions. "οὔ φρόυεις" said Hippocleides and wandered off.

It was a wonderful year.

Shark's Tooth

From my sister's jewelry-box
Comes dangling on a rusty chain
A twisted opal from the Pleistocene,
Bearing the hallmark of Hades' workshop
In wicked perfection of point
And nebulous half-transparency.

And in my own locked drawer
Awaits my loneliness a luger
Stolen from under Hell's door,
Which in its discolored case
Glints with the winking disdain
Of a well-oiled race.

These are idols.
And they are coming to the yellow walls,
To shallow shelves, to niches,
Replacing knick-knacks. "A droll reminder
Of the War," drawls a husky voice,
The fingers impatiently reaching
For a statuette unearthed in Salvador.

Such a far-reaching sirensong of genesis,
That under the ruffled rug,
Behind the easy chair
Piled, the grinning pyramids of Assurbanipal,
A tortoise-shell comb for Lysander's hair;
And, pulled by pipette from Piranesi,
Toys of Torquemada to be shown as art.

—Michael Gura

To the Girl in Lafayette Park

The last night bus
whines slowly down the street
while passengers sit
with long faces staring
at a colored boy
on the street corner jiving
to the music of a thousand
forgotten hours. A fat lady
perspiring waddles
up to a policeman, lifts
her dress above her knees
to fix a stocking. He
lights a cigarette and
counts the passing cars.
Tourists wearing small
straw blue feathered hats
walk by the White House chattering
about room service
as an ambulance screams
last rites for a crapshooter.
Two drunken soldiers
hold street girls in their arms
and talk of love while
a bum spreads newspapers
over his face and tries to sleep.
A male sits beside another
and holds his hand while
a drop of rain splatters
upon a paper cup. And the wind
swirling peanut shells
along the walk carries
a whisper, "I love you,
I love you all." around
the park and through the city.

—Charles Hornstein

AUTUMN STILLNESS

Indeed, there was something timeless
about it all
a twentieth century afternoon, staring
out
into the crisp autumn stillness
unmoving, water and concrete
a silent swimming pool indifferent
to the falling leaves, or
a deserted Roman bath
that watched
a civilization die.
On my side of the picture window,
warmth too, finds its silence
Not a sound is heard
where four o'clock sunshine
fuses
terrestrial desolation
and man made stillness
into a perception
unbounded by hours or ages

—Robert G. Allen

Poetry Award:

Edward Gold, IMPLICATIONS

Honorable Mention: *Charles Hornstein,*
BEFORE THE GRAY SNOW STICKS

* * *

Prose Award:

Thomas Keech, WHAT JOHN DID

Honorable Mention: *Edward Ross Hearn,*
SOMEWHERE A CRICKET SANG